

Phoenix

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Summary: Abe never believed in Monday Mornings, but this is just insane.

Phoenix

Rebirth

Abe's body slumped and curled inwards. She wanted to be closer to the inhumanly warm comfort she felt. It was like her body protected a flame, but Abe herself was unable of reaching it without letting it escape. The relaxed muscles and soothing brain fog were satisfying, and the girl simply wanted to sleep for the rest of the morning. The only action Abe would permit is cuddling, which would allow more heat to envelope her skin.

Not even her eyes rolled in their sockets; they would stay right where they were or else they would feel a dry tiredness. Abe's body remained unsettled, and all was peaceful.

Dreams warped time, and soon the girl could not tell if it had been hours or minutes since she caught awareness. She swam about in her brain, thinking and imaging all at once. It was difficult to _consciously_ decide awakening. Abe felt so restful and still.

Ears stretching knowingly at a light disturbance, the girl swore she heard the soft singing of a bird. It was almost worthy of disturbance, the gentle chiming of a precious creature. Abe loved it.

The melodic whistles and hums did not spare the achy tiredness Abe was blessed with. She released a small sigh, enjoying the way it felt and sounded. Soon her eyes began to wander in slight curiosity and they too felt dry and exasperated. _Now_ Abe couldn't sleep, now she had to face the inevitable, which was utterly inconvenient.

Grunting, Abe lazily willed her elbows in a motion she thought was proper, but it wasn't. The limb felt bent like a snapped twig. It was just wrong, but it didn't stop. Abe continued to control her arms and legs, dismissive of the earlier flaw. Monday Mornings tended to be groggy.

A sigh hushed through her lips, and Abe became attentive of what she felt. The air travelled for too long. It brushed a long, wet surface that felt angular and slender. A little above the base of her jaw, triangular needles jutted up and down. Abe was shocked, which seemed to stun her movements, but then an anxiety formed. She wasn't exactly sure what she sensed, and she hoped that it was simply a part of one of her silly nightmares. The anxiety was little, and Abe thought that it would go away.

But then Abe willed her eyelids.

And after a moment, squeaked.

It was difficult to process, the concept she was anywhere but home. What the girl saw was a completely vegetated environment that any animal would enjoy. Deciduous and coniferous trees mixed together naturally with the other greenery and fallen brush. The grass beneath Abe's-

OH HOLY COWS!

Those feet did not belong to Abe at all, or any human at all for that matter. They didn't even look like proper feet.

The things were definitely paws, but the kind that belonged to salamandersâ€¦ with ugly toenails.

Abe didn't know what to think. She was shocked to see a pair of lizard limbs just lying on the ground in front of her, but the strangest thing was that they led directly to her breasts.

To her breastsâ€¦? What the heck?

It was almost true; Abe's eyes followed the strange limbs until they reached a place that should have intersected with her body because it was so close. The salamander paws did not in fact lead to her breasts, but to a pair of wide shoulders. The forelegs simply curved around an odd chest and were placed rather close to each other.

The paws had frightfully sharp claws, but they didn't curl like a lizards.

Abe could feel something coming on, a terrifying idea, and one that should not exist. It was unbelievable, and brought a terrible feeling of dread. She hoped what she expected was a lie, and she would laugh if it was. Breathing in a large amount of oxygen, Abe peered down to her experiment.

She attempted to shift her hands like anyone would, and found that she was gravely disappointment.

There was no wonderful relief, just a _twitch, twitch_ of one beastly paw gripping the grass. And it moved in the exact direction Abe willed her _hand_ to go.

It was so, so very dumbfounding and wretched. Dumbfounding because it was an absolutely ludicrous possibility. Wretched because Abe was human and nothing else. She couldn't ever be anyone else than Abe. It wasn't realistic. It simply couldn't be.

Yet there it was a paw that complied with her brain.

Abe expected she would faint, run in circles, or maybe even scream until her throat was sore. She wanted herself to thrash about in a fearful rage, or cry until her eyes were only two dry stones.

Abe justâ€| did not know what to do.

Her mind was completely blank.

It seemed someone had erased all logical compartments in her brain and she had no idea what to do with herself.

Centuries of hesitant thought and intense emotion passed, and Abe wanted to know what her new form appeared to be.

She was truly scared, almost to the point of hysterics, but she needed to take a step.

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